

The Republican Mistake.

The fact that a large section of this country, the Southern States, have been since the late civil war, Democratic, and have furnished a great political strength to that party in Congress, as well as a heavy popular vote in National elections, has never ceased to worry and annoy the ultra partisan leaders of the Republican party. They lament that the Southern States are not held as conquered provinces, and things so shaped that their grasping them might have resulted in the formation of a party there powerful enough to render valuable assistance whenever recourse was had to the ballot. That this was the aim and object of certain leaders admits of no doubt; but Andrew Johnson and the Cabinet, who took up the work of restoration when it fell from the nerveless hand of Abraham Lincoln, did not entertain such views. There is good reason to believe that had Lincoln lived to complete the work to which he had begun to address himself when the war ended, and had given rank to that of justice and peace of patriotic spirit with which he was so generously endowed, the party leaders would have broken with him, as they did with his successor, who did nothing more than attempt the measures of restoration which he had doubtless approved. It is well in these times of political disputation to know aright the current of belief at that period among those charged with the duty of restoring the Union, that the subsequent action of party plotters and adventurers may be more clearly understood and defined. Hon. Hugh McCulloch, who was Secretary of the Treasury under President Johnson, in an address at Fort Wayne, Ind., October 13, 1865, said, speaking of the hostility of some portion of the party touching the policy of Andrew Johnson:

"I know that they are not the views of a majority of the people of the North. The latter opinion is that the States which attempted to secede never ceased to be States in the Union; that all the acts of secession were of no effect; that during the process of the revolt the exercise of the Federal authority was merely suspended, and that there never was a moment when the allegiance of the people of the insurrectionary States was not due to the Government, and when the Government was not bound to maintain its authority over them, and extend protection to those who required it. When the Confederacy collapsed, and the rebel States governments collapsed with it, so that with few exceptions there were no persons holding civil office at the South by the authority of any legitimate government. Now as government is at all times a necessity among men, and as it was especially so at the South, where violence and lawlessness had full sway, the question to be decided by the President was simply this: Shall the people of the rebel States be left to their anarchy and military rule until Congress shall act upon the question, or shall immediate measures be taken by the Executive to restore to them civil government? After mature consideration the President concluded to do his duty to adopt the latter course, and I am satisfied that in so doing he acted wisely."

This was the much-abused position taken by President Johnson and endorsed by all the members of his Cabinet, Stanton at that time included. That this action had, or would have had, the sanction of President Lincoln, had he been alive, is a question which has been the subject of much discussion from the fact that the Cabinet agreed with President Johnson in the views taken. The subsequent action of the men who, in their fury, sought to impeach Johnson, and plunged the South in the horrors of the reconstruction era, are familiar to all, and if the South since that period resolutely refuses to share the fortunes of the Republican party, it is the fault of the men who undid the work President Johnson and his Cabinet set about doing. With the States of the South peacefully restored to the Union, and their civil governments set up and protected by the arm of Federal power, the current of political sentiment there might have run differently. But mild measures and patriotic purposes were kicked aside by the men who were in power in the Senate and House of Representatives, and plans presented and carried out which forever alienated all support from that section, and has even now divided and lost that enfranchised element from which everlasting gratitude and allegiance was expected. The grand mistake of Republican party legislation was that Reconstruction act. Had wiser counsels prevailed and more patriotic methods been followed, the scandals which began there and the corruption which it fostered and taught might not have so early eaten out the heart of the party and left it a byword and disgrace along the path of American political history.—*American Register.*

Opinion of a Shining Light.

Ex-Senator Tabor is a shining light of Republicanism. Ever since he purchased the handle to his name he has felt himself a great party leader. What were Benton's thirty years in the United States Senate compared with Tabor's thirty days?

Tabor is naturally an enthusiast. Whether he goes into mining, matrimony, divorce or politics, he always wants to "make Rome howl." He proposed to Senator David Davis to perform that feat on a joint honeymoon, all at his own expense, but the Illinois bridegroom declined. Now Tabor concentrates his efforts on the Presidential question and booms Arthur. When asked by a *World* reporter whom the Colorado Republicans favor for their standard-bearer in 1888, "Chester A." answered the Senator. Chester A. had a better prospect of carrying off the nomination than any other man.

Well, "Chester A." or, as his New York chums call him, "Chet," is a fitting nominee for the fraudulent Republican party. He is a Civil-service reformer who was turned out of office by a Republican Executive, Secretary of the Treasury and Senate for malfeasance. A non-partisan President who was Johnny Brien's predecessor as manager of the New York machine. A honest man who aided Donkey in purchasing Indiana, Ohio and New York in 1880, and boasted of the success of the corruption. A general who never smelt powder or attacked anything more dangerous than a Delmonico dinner.

What more fitting candidate could the Republican party find than "Chester A."?

Is he not in the direct line with the sort of men nominated by the Republicans, with one exception, ever since it had an existence.

With John P. Hale, the nominee of the incoherent party in 1852—a pious fraud who, while shouting himself hoarse for human freedom, used his

position as United States Minister to Spain to cheat the Revenue laws of that country by importing goods under his official privilege and selling them as merchandise.

With John C. Fremont, the first full-fledged nominee who led the party to defeat in 1856 on his famous woolly horse; a stock operator whose creditors always suffered and a pathfinder who never found a path.

With Ulysses S. Grant, the successor of Lincoln, elected in 1868 on a military glory boom, a pro-slavery Democrat who declared that he would tear his epaulettes from his shoulders if he supposed the war was to be prosecuted for the emancipation of negro slaves.

With Rutherford B. Hayes, defeated by fraud; a sniveling hypocrite, despised even by the men who helped him to a stolen office.

With James A. Garfield, elected by purchase in 1880, convicted of corruption by his own party, and not saved even by the grave from a blighted reputation.

Not Chester A. Arthur, the accident of Guiteau's bullet, a trading politician, the chum of the *Wall Street* Begins and Cregins of machine notoriety, in a direct line with these predecessors?

Why should he not, as Senator Tabor says, be the most fitting Republican candidate for 1884?—*N. Y. World.*

A Few Retrospective Remarks.

The *Republican* speaks of a time in 1861, when the stars and stripes were denounced by peace Democrats as a black Republican emblem. This is the first intimation we have ever seen or heard that there was any party or faction at the North in 1861, or at any other time, that denounced the stars and stripes.

There were Democrats as well as Republicans who, at various times during the war, were dissatisfied with the Administration, and complained of measures adopted, or of the refusal of the Government to do this, that or the other thing. It will be remembered that Mr. Greeley, whose influence had been more potential than that of any other man in precipitating the conflict, was opposed to any resistance, and wanted "the wayward sisters to go in peace." And after the fighting was ended and the Government found itself with a white elephant on its hands in the shape of a distinguished prisoner whom it did not dare to bring to trial for fear of failure to convict, it will be remembered that Mr. Greeley came forward and helped the Government out of a scrape by suggesting a bold bluff for which he was subsequently denounced as "a rebel sympathizer."

We suppose the name of C. L. Vallandigham, of Ohio, would occur to almost any one as that of the most prominent "peace Democrat." He thought, as did Mr. Greeley, that "the wayward sisters" should have been permitted to "go in peace." He had the courage of his convictions and pushed his opposition to the war so far that unlawful and utterly unjust means were used to offset his influence.

But not even Vallandigham was so heavy a load to President Lincoln as was Charles Sumner, who constantly threw cold water on the plans and policy of the Government because it did not come up to his advanced ideas.

In looking for men who opposed the conduct of the war we can find them in all parties, and can find, too, that their opposition took various shapes. There was that grand patriot General Scott, whose statue has been set up in the Capitol, and whose name is enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen—he, too, was an opponent of a measure found indispensable to the continuance of the war, a measure as just as any that ever was adopted in war or peace. We refer to the Income tax, against which General Scott bitterly protested in a memorable letter to the Secretary of the Treasury.

The Republican press has uniformly been unjust to the Democrats of the North in that it has excluded them from any honor or credit accruing from the war of the rebellion. The truth is that there were more Democrats than Republicans in the rank and file of the Union armies, and that at this time a large majority of the disabled veterans on the pension rolls and in the soldiers' homes are Democrats.

It is probable that the *Republican* will cheerfully concede that when the war began the alleged right of a State to step out of the Union of its own motion was honestly believed in by General Longstreet, General Mahone, Colonel Mosby, General Chalmers, Captain Riddleberger, and their comrades in arms. On any other theory those Confederates were great criminals. Conceding that they were honest, that they went into the war to fight for what they believed to be sacred right, must it not be also conceded that the same view of the alleged right of a State to secede could have been as honestly held by Northern men?—*Washington Post.*

The Atlanta *Constitution* relates that a Georgian was at Niagara Falls just after the drowning of Webb. As he started to see the falls a guide offered for fifty cents to show him the place Webb was drowned in. He invested and moved on. A guide in another section made him the same offer, which he accepted. Another guide offered the same thing when Mr. Thompson said: "Was Webb drowned all along the river? I've had two places pointed out as the fatal place." "Oh, well," said the guide, "he was a long time drowning."

Some writer recently said that women don't make puns; but they do. A family bought an anti-clinker stove. Finding that it did not work well they exchanged it for some old china. A visitor, looking at the china, remarked that it was very fine, and that it must have been handed down by the family's ancestors. "Yes," said the young lady of the family promptly, "it is some that came down to us from Aunt Clinker."—*Chicago Times.*

A hangman in South Carolina is being chided for using common bar soap to soften up his gallows rope. He says as long as the victims don't complain the newspapers have no business to. Besides, the pay isn't enough to warrant scented soap.—*Detroit Free Press.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

A Roanoke (N. C.) inventor has connected a machine that will make 180 cigarettes a minute.

Philadelphia is to have a street car with a patent spring motor. The inventor says that after the spring is wound up it will propel the car eight miles.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Experiments have recently been made on the Thames with a new kind of side-wheel steamer which has two black in each wheel. It is the invention of an English engineer.

Recent experiments show that the lungs are not air tight. Under a certain amount of air pressure air escapes into the pleural cavity, and the blood vessels in the pulmonary circulation.

If you have great talents, industry will improve them; if moderate abilities, industry will supply the deficiencies. Nothing is denied to well-directed labor; nothing is ever to be attained without it.—*N. Y. Herald.*

A concentrated solution of bichloride of potash and blue makes, it is said, a cement for repairing articles of broken glass which will resist boiling water. The cement is first carefully applied to the surface, and after the fractured parts are brought together the whole is exposed to the action of the sun.—*Cincinnati Times.*

The *Journal of Science* puts these very pertinent questions regarding the poisoning cases of the last half century: Have we at command means for the detection of all known poisons under all circumstances? Have our leading toxicologists and physicians shown sufficient skill in the application of such means? Is our manner of conducting trials and of obtaining and dealing with the evidence of experts well adapted for the discovery of truth and for the elucidation of error, or could it admit of useful modification?

Regarding the sorghum sugar industry in Kansas, Mr. J. J. Wright, to the *Buffalo Express* that two of the refineries have reported unequalled success this season. One is managed by Prof. M. D. Seville and the other by Prof. Swenson, late agricultural chemist in the State University in Madison, Wis. This latter refinery is owned in New York, and cost \$100,000. The two companies cultivated 3,000 acres of cane, and the yield will be from 700 to 800 pounds of sugar per acre and from sixty to seventy-five gallons of sirup.

Both sugar and sirup are entirely free from the sorghum fever.

They are taking down the front wall of a five-story brick building at South and Essex streets, Boston. Mr. Bralee, the architect, attributes the bulging of the wall to the use of Portland cement. He says: "This cement has been used mostly in constructing water-works and other like structures, and has not been used much where it has been exposed to the air. It was only about a year ago discovered that this cement would expand under these conditions." Some interesting experiments have been made in Mr. Bralee's office, and three glass bottles were filled with Portland cement and sealed tight. One burst in two days, one in eight days and the third in ten days—proving that the cement does expand.—*Boston Transcript.*

FITH AND POINT.

A fifty-cent piece with a hole in it will not pass current, which shows that the half is better than the hole.

Rattler says the cures effected by laying on of hands is an old story with him. His mother often indulged in the past-time in times past.—*Boston Courier.*

A poet says: "Yesterday comes not." He should tell us something we don't know. What we are looking for is the day of the week before last.—*Norristown Herald.*

There are two things in the world which a tramp will not sit down on. One is a barbed-wire fence and the other is a good healthy hornet's nest.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Dr. Willis announces the fact that "mothers-in-law are not laughed at in Persia." Same here. He must be a bold, bad man, without any hair, who would laugh at his mother-in-law.—*The Judge.*

A young man was congratulated on reaching his twenty-first birthday. "Well, how do you feel over the matter?" he was asked, and he replied heartily, "I feel like a new man."—*Philadelphia Call.*

"Do you ever gamble?" she asked, as they sat together, her hand held in his. He replied, "No; but if I wanted to now would be my time." "How so?" "Because I hold a beautiful hand." The engagement is announced.—*Somerville Journal.*

A Pennsylvania lady ninety-three years of age milks, washes and bakes for a family of three persons. A great deal can be gotten out of old people if they are properly managed. Young people do not get half enough rest.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Sweet little Meg came into her Sunday-school class one morning, her eyes filled with tears, and looking up into her teacher's face, said: "Our dog's dead, and I guess the angels were real scared when they saw him coming up the path, for he's awfully cross to strangers."—*Exchange.*

One of the Rev. Levi Phileas Dobbs' weaknesses is metaphor. Here is his last. It is in a reply to one who had come to him for information: "You may be ignorant, but your ignorance shall be the hand that turns the faucet that sets in motion the mind whose branches shall send out rays which shall distill upon the waves of the deadly upas tree."—*The Independent.*

The three brothers, Solomon, Jacob and Joseph Benjamin, stood in their shop discussing the day's earnings. "Und do military good will gold bud-dons, how much, eh?" said Solomon, the eldest brother, and head of the firm. "Six tollers and a half," said Joseph. "Is do all he give you?" exclaimed Solomon in an agonized tone. "I paid seventy-five cents for dot goat!"—*Chicago Journal.*

An apple tree was perfectly portrayed recently on a window pane of a house near Atlanta, Ga., before which it stood when lightning struck it.—*N. Y. Sun.*

HOME AND FARM.

A sheep wormer made its appearance near Philadelphia.

A little feed of salt mixed with the feed is good for scours in sheep.—*Exchange.*

Sow orchard grass early or wait until spring. It must get a good start or it will be uprooted by the frost.

"J. S." asks: "What is a whipped syllabus?" It is one pint of sweet cream, half a cup of powdered sugar, with large spoonful of vanilla or other flavoring extract. Mix the ingredients, and then beat to a stiff froth. Serve in glasses.

Surface manuring says Colman, is especially effective on sandy soils, is beneficial to heavy soils once in three or four years. But the best results on sandy soils is when they are dressed with a compost of manure and clayey muck.

It is quite plain that it does not pay to plant either sprouts or potatoes in corn fields. The sprouts have been taken out, and the new growth is a little vitiated. Of course, this single experiment is not conclusive, but it points pretty directly that way.—*Nebraska College Notes.*

Select the land that you are going to plant to potatoes the next year. If it has been used with manure and is well drained, it will be a good place. Should receive an application of manure, and then be turned under. If ground is wet and sticky, it is better to underdrain it, put it to some other use, but do not risk potatoes on it.—*N. Y. Herald.*

W. F. Brown, in the *Rural New Yorker*, says: "I find more profit in a cow that homes in fresh in the fall than from those that are fresh in the spring. Not only does butter bring a better price, but I think the cows give more milk to the year under this management, for just when they come in the time when they would naturally begin to shrink largely in their milk, they are fresh and put out milk. The flow, while a cow that is fresh in the spring begins to shrink just at the season of falling pasture, and the transition from green to dry feed, and a great falling off of milk is unavoidable."

Market Weight for Pigs.

The table of market pig has undergone a great change within a few years. The large 400 to 500-pound hog is now seldom found. The overgrown hog is no longer so common, and pig-feeding has been more carefully studied of late years. Shrewd feeders have found that the older the hog, the more its carcass costs per pound. It is also found that the flesh of the large hog is coarser and stronger, and not as sweet and fine-flavored as a ten to twelve month pig. It is true, the older and overfat hog yields more lard, but this does not carry profit with it, as lard often brings no higher price than the side pork. The inducement, therefore, to grow these large hogs no longer exists and the 300-pound pig has displaced the 500-pound hog.

The time was when pigs were raised by a slow growth, to be fattened afterward. Farmers often kept a lot of shoats over winter, without expecting them to increase in weight much, so that they might have them ready to fatten the following fall. These were pastured and given house slops through the summer, making a growth during the eight to ten months of forty to sixty pounds. This was what was called a healthy growth! It was healthy for the pig. It was very unhealthy for the farmer's pocket, as the amount of gain was not one-half the cost of keep.

But the farmer did not then figure the cost of keep as closely as he does now; in fact, he probably never took an accurate account of the cost of wintering a pig without any material gain in weight. But when he examines the question he finds that the store pig has often cost more than he needs to have cost, to have weighed 300 pounds, by a proper system of feeding. He finds that to keep the balance on the right side of the ledger the pig must always be kept gaining, for it is only out of gain in weight that he gets pay for his feed, and when the pig stops gaining then the loss begins.

"But," says one, "why not let the pig keep on gaining till he is two years old, when he will weigh 500 or more pounds, and being a price worth having?" This is just the question that should be asked and answered, and every feeder should fully comprehend the answer. The answer is, that it takes less food to put a pound growth upon a fifteen or twenty pound pig, four weeks old, than upon a fifty pound pig, two months old, and less to put a pound on a fifty pound pig than on a 100-pound pig; or, in other words, the younger the animal, the less it costs in food to add a pound to its weight. As a general proposition, it takes more and more food to add a pound, the weight, to an animal, the older it becomes, until it reaches maturity.

It takes from thirty to forty per cent more food to full-feed a pig the second year than the first, and the gain is only about two-thirds as much as the first year. This shows clearly that it costs double to grow 100 pounds of pork on the pig the second year than it does the first—a pretty good reason why the pig should be sold at the end of the year. Besides, the market, as a general rule, offers no inducement for keeping beyond the first year. A well-fed pig, that weighs 300 pounds, will bring as good a price per pound as when kept longer, and there is nothing to be gained in price, but much, if not all, the profit is lost by keeping the second year. The market has fixed upon 300 pounds as a profitable weight, and the farmer's interest wholly agrees with this.

Ten months' good feeding will often reach that weight. Skillful feeding consists in growing the largest amount of meat at a given cost, and such a feeder is not afraid of throwing away food by giving pigs all they will eat with a good appetite. He thoroughly understands the element of the win in the feeding problem, and that when he can shorten the time for the pig to reach 300 pounds, he has increased the profit. Our system of pig-feeding is not forcing, but judiciously giving the pig what it can digest and yet keep a good appetite.—*Live Stock Journal.*

Our Young Folks.

TRY AGAIN.

Mary with the fawn halp-halp! Set the picture of despair. "Five times six and eight times seven, and results, and by eleven multiply and divide!"

And I don't know what beside, Oh, this world, this world! Right I cannot make it come! So said Mary, with a sigh, Crying: "The end use to try."

Gray-haired grandma, sitting near, Heard the sigh and saw the tear. "Marry, darling, hither come! Let me see thy horrid sum!"

Spanning all the work she saw, "Hark a slip and there a flaw!" "All my Mary, plain to see! Why the figures don't agree! Little word, thy error distract! Is the fault of headlessness?"

"Oh, but grandma, I have tried! Just as hard," poor Mary cried; "But the numbers fly from me! Squashy always wrong you know." Then to her supreme dismay, Grandma against the work arose, And for Mary's eyes to read, Wrote in letters large and plain: "If at first you don't succeed, Try, and try, and try again!"

When the wise old saw she read, "Thank you, grandma, thank you," said, "Then with bright and cheerful air, Worked the sum with double care, And the answer—happy—came at last exactly right."

"Now," the little maiden cried, "Laughing, sister, catch my pride! When my naughty sums go wrong, 'Try again' shall be my song."

—*Young People.*

ANDY'S WISH.

Andy was in disgrace, and in a very bad humor, as well. Ordinarily he was such a pleasant, bright-faced boy that one would hardly believe that the little, cross-looking chap with the deep scowl over his eyes could be he.

When mamma went off to the sea-shore for a few weeks of change and quiet rest, her only trouble had been about Andy. Susie and the baby, nurse could take care of, she knew; but Andy, since he had grown up to the dignity of a school-boy, was not so tractable in the nursery as he once was, and nurse had more patience with babies and little girls than she had for a noisy, restless school-boy of eleven. However, the doctor said mamma must go, and leave them all at home. So papa had carried her off, almost against her will.

Andy made so many promises to be good and mind nurse that she was persuaded that he meant to keep his word. And so he did. But nurse was unreasonable, and no boy likes to be called out from making a kite to run errands.

Such "confounded" long ones, too (he said), as Andy's own—I should have said, very long). Then, upon his return, when he was only making paste for the beloved kite, to have it snatched away from him!

True, he was making it in a cut-glass goblet; but what matter? One glass as good as another; indeed, if it had been handy, he would have preferred a tin cup.

Altogether he was a much-abused boy! If it were not for mamma he would have serious thoughts of running away. What a lack it would be to have old nurse, flying around, with her capstrings floating in the air, drumming up neighbors to hunt for Master Andy!

"I wish I was not a boy. Boys have the hardest time of anything in creation! I don't want to be a mimic, piny, fol-de-rol of a girl either! I wish I were a bird; they don't have to mind. Yes, I'd even like to be a hornet! Look at that chap, hunting flies over there! He has no nurse, and I'll bet does just as he has a mind to."

These words, uttered aloud, were scarcely out of the little boy's mouth, when, wonderful to relate, the very hornet he had been envying flew up to him and said:

"Would you really like to be one of us? Remember a hornet's life is not one of idleness. He must work hard for his living, like all the rest of the Master's creatures. Think before you decide."

"Do you have nurses?"

"No."

"Then I'll be a hornet!"

How strange! At once he felt himself growing smaller and smaller. Now—growing, he could fly. It was a delightful sensation to feel himself floating through the air.

"Bzz! bzz!" went the other hornet. So it would have sounded the day before. Now Andy knew he said: "Come with me, and I'll introduce you to the other hornets."

So, off they went, further down toward the peach orchard. There the family had built themselves a very curious house. It served as a temporary lodging-house for themselves, and was the place where eggs were deposited, whence the hornets of the future sprang into life.

Andy remembered looking at this house, from a distance, only a day or two before. Now, to fly right into it was very funny! All the hornets came to look at him. All buzzed and talked so fast that he could scarcely understand a word they said.

He was offered a blue-bottle fly for refreshment, and as he shrank from the proffered dainty, they all buzzed louder than ever.

Later his friend took him to a peach-tree, and they regaled themselves on a ripe peach, which was much more to Andy's taste.

That night he slept on a limb of the same tree—it seemed so snug in the hornet's house.

The next day all assembled in their house, and each received orders from the head of the colony. Each had to kill so many flies and bring them home, to be stored up for the next generation of hornets. Some remained at home, to put the finishing layer to their house.

Andy was put among the latter, to learn their trade. Hard work, too; it was. Beginning at early dawn to chew up paper, moisten it with glue, and smooth it on the outside of the hornet-house, was no joke. All day long he worked. No rest, except two or three short visits to the peach-tree, to refresh himself.

Then to see all the other hornets come home, each laden with a fly, sometimes only half dead, still struggling in the grasp of his captor, was to Andy disgusting in the extreme.

Three or four days dragged wearily on, and he was beginning to wish that he could be a boy again, and run errands, when one morning Andy was sent out with the others, to catch flies.

He flew with his old friend a little way,

and then they separated. Andy saw a large fly on a window, and made after it. The fly took refuge in the house, and he flew in also.

How familiar that room looked! It was the nursery—yes, to be sure it was! There was the baby in the crib. Just then Susan came in.

"Oh, nurse! a horrid hornet!"

Nurse was after him. "Oh, dear! he should be killed right in his own home! Bzz! bzz! Would they never understand?"

"Get out of this, you rascal!" cried nurse.

"I'll catch him, nurse, in my apron, and then kill him!"

"He'll sting you, Sis!"

"Bzz! bzz! No, he wouldn't! He'd rather die than sting his own sister."

Just then, nurse made a dab with her apron.

"He screamed!"

"Don't you know me?" and awoke to find nurse really standing over him, under the peach tree.

"Why, Master Andy, did you ever go to sleep on the grass? I'm afraid you've caught your death of cold. Come with me, and let me give you something hot."

"Why, nurse," Andy tries to explain, "I've been a hornet. I've been down in the orchard, sleeping in a tree over their nest."

Nurse tells him that, she has been hunting for him for hours, and was in despair when he was discovered in the peach orchard.

Andy goes slowly home, too, relieved to be a boy again to argue the matter with nurse.

"To be sure," he adds to himself, "boys do have a hard time, but hornets have a harder."

And he believes he would not change places with any other of God's creatures, but stay on a boy till time changes him into a man.—*Golden Days.*

The Boy and the Man.

Many years ago a poor shepherd-boy, clad in an old paid mantle, went into a book-store in Edinburgh and asked for a second-hand Greek Testament, being unable to buy a new one. The bookseller having handed him one, the boy asked the price.

"For whom do you want it?" asked the bookseller.

"For myself," answered the boy.

"Can you read Greek?"

"Yes, sir," modestly replied the boy.

"Then," said the bookseller, "if you will read and translate a few sentences I will give you the book."

The boy, highly pleased with the proposal, read the Greek text and then translated it into English.

"Take the book, my boy," said the bookseller; "you are welcome to it."

The boy thanked him, clasped the book under his arm and walked off in triumph to the pasture to attend the sheep.

Many years afterward that same boy (ah! he had become a man now) stepped into the same book-store, entered into conversation with the bookseller and asked him if he remembered giving a second-hand Greek Testament to a poor shepherd-boy one morning.

"Yes, I remember it well," said the bookseller, "and I should like to know what became of that boy, for I am certain he has risen to eminence in some profession or other."

"Sir," said the man, "you see him before you."

Now, who do you think he was? Rev. John Brown, of Haddington, one of the most eminent authors and commentators of the Scriptures the world has ever produced.

It is a well-known fact that the children of parents in humble circumstances often succeed better than the children of the rich; and their greater success must arise from their being stimulated by their scanty means to improve to the utmost the talents which God has given them.

To the sons of the poor man, then, I say, in the words of Solomon: "The hand of the diligent shall bear rule; but the slothful shall be under tribute." Be industrious, be frugal and attentive to every duty. To the sons of the rich I would say: "He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man; and seest thou a man diligent in business, he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men."—*N. Y. Observer.*

Carrier-Pigeon vs. Pony.

When at its ordinary speed a carrier-pigeon is supposed to fly somewhat faster than an express train. The experiment which was tried some time ago of a race from Dover to London between a pigeon and the Continental Mail resulted triumphantly for the bird by somewhere about half an hour; but then it must be remembered that a pigeon can take a perfectly straight line across country from one point to another, thus effecting a considerable shortening of distances as compared with the curves and deviations in railroads and ordinary highways. To race a pony against a pigeon would, of course, be a foregone conclusion in favor of the latter; but it has just been shown, by a race which has taken place at Bedford, that a pigeon can fly rather more than double as fast as a pony. While the four-footed creature was engaged in galloping half a mile, the pigeon completed its mile with eighty yards to spare. It will be generally thought that the pony should have made better time; but, of course, it is difficult to organize a race of this sort so as to call forth all the speed possessed by the animal, who never runs so quickly when there is nothing in sight to compete with. It was the pace at which they fly, as well as their small size, which commended pigeons to the French during the siege of Paris, as a means of taking messages out of the city into the provinces; and at the present moment